LONDON

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BY

ELIZABETH GIBSON CHEYNE

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TO MY HUSBAND

SINGERS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Singers of the Holy Ghost,
Through the world of sense we move—
A poor, and ragged, unknown host,
Living on the bounty of Love.

Singers of the Holy Ghost,
Singing songs, from door to door,
Songs to seek, and lead the lost,
Songs to feed the lowly poor.

Singers of the Holy Ghost,
Singing songs, we learned in heaven,
Through learning-pain, and caring most
To comfort spirits death-bereaven.

LONDON.

I am a beat of London's heart;
  I am a pulse of London's day;
I am of London's night a part—
  A golden lamp, amid the grey.

I am a tone of London's voice;
  I am a pace of London's feet;
In London's fountains I rejoice;
  I live the life of London's street.

Of London's mind I am a thought;
  Of London's soul, a throb of prayer—
A fluttering, northern feather, caught
  And tangled in her wind-blown hair.

London, in whose hid womb I move,
  Give me to human, world-wide birth;
Give me to Universal Love;
  Give me, O Mother, to all the earth.

BLOSSOMS OF SONG.

I have gathered the blossoms, blown
  From life's eternal tree;
By winds of singing, strown
  On garden, on desert, on sea;

They will bear no fruit; but, in places
  Of labour, uncheered by the sun,
In the world of hopeless faces,
  I have laid them, one by one.

And a child, a man, a woman
  May wear my flowers, for a day,
On breasts that are warm, and human,
  When I have passed away.

TO SOLDIERS.

To K.B.M.

I say to every soldier,
  Beneath my quiet breath :
"Thank you, and Thank you, Thank you,
  For saving us from death,
Or mutilation, hopeless woe,
At the hands of our barbarian foe."

O'er every band of soldiers,
  That, day by day, I meet,
Upholding God and honour,
  In the park, and in the street,
I make the ever sacred sign ;
For their high duty is divine.

COMMANDS.

Every fair and glorious sight,
Seen by day, and seen by night,
In the depth, or in the height,
Is Life, commanding me to write.

Every murmur of distress,
Every gleam of happiness,
Every pain, and weariness,
Is Life, commanding me to bless.

Every hardness, I forgive,
Every sin, with which I strive,
Every treasure, I freely give,
Is Life, commanding me to live.

THANKS TO LONDON.

O bowered trees of London,
I have loved you well;
I have found you faithful,
More than words can tell.

Birds of lovely London,
I with you have flown,
Dived, and swum; your pleasure,
Every whit, I've known.

Grassy sweeps of London,
Sod enparadised,
For my utmost yearning
You have all sufficed.

Waters of kind London,
I have washed me clean,
When your waves and ripples
I have ever seen.

Men and women of London,
Passing on the street,
I have lost my selfhood,
In your feet's 'live beat.

Temples of dear London,
You have been the road,
Whereon I have travelled,
Joyous, to my God.

FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

Fresh from the fountain of eternity,
  Each happy day, for me, comes gushing forth,
And spreads its streams abroad upon life's lea,
  To irrigate east, west, and south, and north.

Fresh from the fountain of eternity,
  Each happy hour comes gleaming—love-kissed spray,
Falling on blossom, grass, and spreading tree,
  That bless its gracious beauty, night and day.

Fresh from the fountain of eternity,
  Each happy moment comes, a sound of song,
Swelling the waters' music, that shall drown
  In peace, the toiling world's ancestral wrong.

A WEDDING RING.

To T.K.C.

The ring, that brought me happiness,
That charmed away my life-distress,
The ring, that is the lowly pride,
Whereby my life is glorified;
My sacred ring of living gold
Shields my lone Life from winter-cold,
Protects me from the summer-heat,
And guards me, on the open street.

It brings me friends; it lends me fame
(The happy honour of your name);
It finds me food; it gives me gear;
It saves me many a sordid tear;
It is the guardian of my heart,
That would not from its cover part.
I serve in death, as ever in life,
Your holy being's noble strife.

GLORY.

To V.S.

Before my life is ended,
  Praise, praise, that I have found
Radiance, and vision splendid,
  With all its strands enwound.

I did not know religion
  Was aught but duty holy;
But, now, to Spirit-Region
  Faith's ladder lifts the lowly.

With chastity, and honour,
  And truth, my life was stilled;
Now glory, heavenly donor,
  Its every gap has filled.

And, when my life is ended,
  Praise, praise, that I shall be
Radiance, and vision splendid,
  Flashing on earth and sea.

IN THE GREEN PARK, at night.

White sheep upon the hillock lie,
  Beneath a spreading tree,
Under the deep, blue evening sky;
  And, if they hear and see
The motors' hoot, the busses' whirr,
  Men, passing by them on the street,
They do not fret, and cry, and stir,
  But nestle still, content and sweet,
  Glad of the end of day's long heat,
In the cool breast of eventide.

Within the breast of God I lie,
  Beneath Faith's spreading tree,
Under the everlasting sky
  Of wide Infinity;
The fear of shell, of zeppelin's whirr,
  The dreads, that fill the crowded street,
While I lie here, no power to stir
  My being have; content and sweet,
  My glad heart answers, beat for beat,
The heart within the breast of God.

GODHEAD.

To B.H.B.

Godhead, Godhead, everywhere!
Breaking into praise, or prayer,
In each different face, I meet,
In the park, and in the street:

Into prayer, in those, who seek
Thee, nor know the need they speak;
For the need's their only prayer,
And their only voice, the air;

Into prayer, in those, who know
All their need, and yearning show;
Into praise, where yearning breaks
Tremulous, as wonder wakes;

Into praise, in those, who've found,
Found Thee fully, and abound
In high looks, and beautiful—
Of all Thy praise most dutiful.

SPARROWS.

When first I came to London,
I loved the sparrows most,
O, more than all my loving friends—
My human heavenly host
Of loving friends, both new and old:
I was to all friends' loving cold.

When first I came to London,
I loved the sparrows best;
For Jesus loved the sparrows,
And God above their nest
Was watching, lest a bird should fall,
And, with their cheep, He'd hear my call.

And when I'd lived in London
A cruel month or two,
My heart to all my loving friends
Beat quick, and high, and true;
The sparrows' comfort filled my mind;
To God and man my thoughts grew kind.

And, now, I live in London,
I'm nested in the sky:
The sparrows, and my loving friends
Have helped me perch on high;
And I am trustful, with the trust
Of sparrows, hopping in the dust.

SIMPLIFY.

"Simplify, O simplify!"
Jesus evermore does cry:
"Spread the means of life abroad,
Scattered from your heavy load

Of riches, goods, and gathered gear;
Enough to save the poor a tear;
Enough to spare the world a pang;
Enough to draw the poisoned fang

Of prostitution, vice, and lust;
Enough to quicken torpid dust
Of dead desire of God to life,
And end the everlasting strife

Of universal good with evil,
Of soul with body, of man with devil.
Simplify, O simplify!"
Jesus evermore does cry.

PARK-MUSIC.

The green leaves flutter in the golden light;
The yellow lamps above the band shine bright;
Sweet music fills the air with sacred sound,
Lest no man's heart attuned to praise be found.

The golden sky fades, soft, to tender grey,
Lest no man's sullen heart be moved to pray;
Night gently falls, that, now, in Ancient Peace,
All striving life may find Divine Release.

WITH CLOUDS.

With clouds He cometh ; yea, with louring clouds,
  The King of Light and Glory enters in ;
With clouds of pain ; with mournful sorrow-shrouds ;
  With clouds of death, of agony, of sin.

With clouds He cometh ; mysteries attend
  His stormy entry into human souls ;
The torrents swell, as heavy rains descend ;
  And lightning flashes ; mighty thunder rolls.

With clouds He cometh. Not a looming cloud,
  But may the King's majestic chariot be,
That brings Him nigh, when we are overbowed,
  To dwell with you, O friend, to dwell with me !

INTERCEDE.

To the Father, intercede,
World, O world, that all my need
May be filled, my sin forgiven,
And my life-place be a heaven.
Intercede, O world, for me,
As I do, world, for you.

Not alone for puny me,
But for all the misery,
Weakness, folly, that I am,
All the errors, that are my name:
Intercede, O world, for me,
As I do, world, for you.

For my sins are yours; yours, mine;
Nothing can our lives untwine;
Sins and sorrows, all we share;
Linked, we need the selfsame CARE.
Intercede, O world, for me,
As I do, world, for you.

WESTMINSTER GRASS.

To V.S.

Gold, and green, and white, for daisies ;
  Gold, and green, and white, for me !
Gold, for all my flaming praises ;
  Green, for clean sincerity ;
  White, for constant chastity.

Gold, and green, and white ; the daisies,
  Living thoughts of Thine, are spread
O'er the grass ; each petal raises
  Some man's spirit from the dead,
As he looks, and longs to be
Gold, and green, and white, for THEE.

IN THE REAL WORLD.

In the real world I live,
  Even now,
And the shadow-world forgive,
  While I bow
To eternal verities,
At the shrine of austerities.

In the real world I move,
  Everywhere,
By the invisible paths of Love,
  Found through prayer;
And, in the real world, dare do
Deeds immortal, brave, and true.

In the real world I have
  Being of Faith;
Dread of living there I leave,
  And dread of Death:
What matter, if I live, or die,
Since I am God's eternally?

W.W.G.

From lives of sore distress and pain,
You, the soul of love, were born,
Into a world of sorrow and stain,
Into a world of love forlorn.

Nothing touched you—hurt, nor harm;
Only graces from the skies,
Beauty, gentleness, and calm,
Filled the wonder of your eyes.

What you looked on, grew more kind;
Never hate, nor jealousy,
Had a footing in your mind;
Pure, you wandered far and free.

Strong, you climbed, where vision spread
Wide, across the toiling world,
Stood, and gazed, and overhead
Your bright flag of song unfurled.

I, who love, and praise you, tell,
I, who love, and praise you, see,
What none, but I, can know so well,
Your deep and wide humanity.

HYDE PARK, IN MAY.

To V.S.

Come, where the deep green banners wave,
The city from dreariness to save;
Come, where the air is clean and cool,
And all Creation beautiful;
Where Spirit shows Himself in flowers,
Throughout May's manifesting hours.

Come, that all sordid thought may cease,
And die, in glades of fragrant peace;
Come; all your sorrows here shall end,
In finding your Creator-Friend;
Come; for each blade upon the sward
Proclaims the Lord, the living Lord!

Come; you shall find, before you go,
The chasteness of the hawthorn-snow;
The chestnut's holy flames of red,
That aspiration may be fed;
Azaleas' many-coloured fires,
To quicken sacrifice-desires.

Come; while the rhododendrons burn;
Come; ere the golden tulips turn
Their thoughts to next year's loveliness;
Come; while the purple stocks express
Their praise of life, in fragrant mood;
Come! look on loveliness in flood.

ALTARS.

Upon the hearth's pure altar,
  I sacrificed each day;
Nor did devotion falter:
  'Twas Love, did praise, and pray:
But, now the hearth, itself, has gone,
What God can hear my praise, my moan?

Upon the church's altar,
  Now, Love, itself, I lay;
My Sorrow may not falter—
  (Who gave, has taken away)
The church-of-all-the-world can bless
My common, human death-distress.

BY NAME.

Is the anguish of your sorrow
  More than you can bear?
Are you daily, nightly, weighted
  By increasing care?
God is calling you, by name;
Listen, and all His bounty claim.

God is calling you, through anguish,
  Calling you, through loss,
Calling, through the hands, that nail you,
  Daily, to your cross;
Calling you, by name; O hear,
Child of love, most dear, most dear.

One by one, through sorrow on sorrow,
  Name by name, He calls;
All His children He would shelter
  In His heart's wide walls.
Come, and claim your waiting home,
Child of love, arise, and come!

MY BIRTHDAY.

I thank, and thank, continually,
  The day of my kind birth,
The hour, that set my spirit free
  In the privilege of earth.

I thank the lives, that gave me life,
  Immortal life in flesh,
Although it meant an agelong strife,
  Caught in the senses' mesh.

I bless the year, in which I came
  Into the world, to find,
Through love, through labour, and through shame,
  My tie with Parent-Mind,

My endless bond with Holy Spirit,
  His pulse within my breast,
The happy heaven, that I inherit,
  Now, I, in Him, find rest.

A FRIENDSHIP.

To V.S.

We are weaving, ever weaving,
  All day, and every night,
A many-coloured fabric,
  With threads, both dark and bright,
Of time, and of eternity,
A garment, worn by God to be.

Into the sacred fabric
  Are woven pain and tears,
And joy and gladness, gathered
  Throughout our tale of years.
You are the web, and I am the woof;
And Love is the fabric's only proof.

We need not fear, the garment
  May be unworn, or fade;
The fabric's everlasting;
  And every robe, that's made,
By loving souls, dear God will wear
And keep within His holy Care.

BROTHERS.

Before He thought of men, the beasts,
  So strong, and wonderful to see,
God made—a myriad-miracle:
  Yet no man heeds their dignity.

Man murders, tortures, and affrights,
  Enslaves the animals at will,
Insults their majesty, their grace,
  And has their kind forgiveness still.

O may the world-wide sacrifice
  Of beast-life, to unholy ends,
Diminish, and man humbly seek
  The favour of his wondrous friends!

ON THE WAY.

The first gate, you come to,
Is the gate of Chastity;
And the toll, that you pay there,
Is silver pleasure's fee.

You pass through the meadow,
The quiet meadow of Peace,
Where all selfish strivings
For evermore cease.

You walk by the river—
The blue river of Grace,
Wherein there is mirrored
High Heaven's smiling Face.

The next gate, you pass through,
Is the woodland gate of Prayer;
And, once through its postern,
You lose all your care;

You walk in the shelter
Of blossoming trees;
Or, in glades, that are sunlit,
You lie, in sweet ease.

You then reach the mountain
Of high sacrifice,
Whose summit's a ladder,
That ends in the skies.

TO RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

How often they are sung in heaven,
  The songs, you make on earth;
Their joy has all life's pain forgiven,
  And turned life's woes to mirth.

How often they are sung on earth,
  The songs, you make in heaven,
The songs, that have their holy birth
  Through Angel-rapture given.

O happy songs of both blest spheres,
  Whereby the angels grow
To fuller glory, whereby tears
  Are wiped from human woe!

Not only men, and angels bright,
  Your wondering joy receive,
But God-in-depth, and God-in-height,
  Upon your bounty live.

DIPPING.

O happy bird, that, dipping, as thou fliest,
Touchest the water to a line of spray,
Thou art a visible image of wild joy,
That on life's grey for evermore dost play,
Breaking the level to a line of spray.

O happy bird, embosomed on the water,
Ruffling its surface into ripples wide,
Thou art an image of my song, that, moving
Upon some eddy, left by life's high tide,
Would spread its motion to the margins wide.

AT THE ALTAR.
(Westminster Abbey, 13. VI. 15.)

I come at noon's high-flooding hour,
  Beneath Thy Cross to kneel,
To supplicate Thy boundless power
  To cleanse, to save, to heal.

I kneel. Thy life is given for me;
  My spirit leaves its prison,
And blends, my loving God, with Thee;
  I rise; to find Thee, Risen.

Upward I look, to see Thee ascend;
  I see Thee cleave the sky;
No more beneath Thy Cross I bend—
  For in Thy Breast am I.

COLOUR.

O go not clad in mournful black,
  That cries: "O see, there's someone dead;
This is a world of misery;
  How many lives have bled, and bled."

O do not show your wounded heart;
  O hide your sullen grief away;
Moan but to God, alone, apart;
  Nor let your raiment cloud fair Day.

For colour, to the pavement dun,
  The dingy walls, and dusky towers,
Is owed; let colour wildly run,
  In flame on flame, through all grey bowers.

GOING HOME AT NIGHT.

Inlets of the sky, wherein my spirit plunges,
Flooding with night-blue each turning of the street,
Transfiguring with heaven the ugly, man-made dwellings,
Every night with rest my weariness you greet.

Billows of the clouds, in holy silence surging,
Breaking into waves, that curl, in foam of light,
How I bless your cleansing, and your arms of comfort,
Folding all my life in the friendliness of night.

PROTESTANT CEMETERY, ROME.

Your name was "writ in water," Keats,
  As you, in dying, said;
In water of eternal life,
  And on life's daily bread;
Wherever truth and beauty move,
Hearts yield you everlasting love.

"Cor cordium!" Shelley, heart of hearts,
  Spirit of spirits, yours!
Wherever spirit, in wonder, starts
  From sense, while life endures,
Spirits and hearts, in love, combine,
Your green, immortal wreath to twine.

COME.

"When are you coming to Me:"
 Spirit is asking each soul,
"Assoiled by love to be,
 Beautiful, radiant, whole?

"When you shall come to Me,
 Sorrow and sin will die,
And, of your misery,
 Will not be left a cry.

"It is not far, to come;
 I am nearer than your breath;
I am your Fount, your Home,
 Your Goal of Life, of Death."

PARK LANE.

To V.S.

A bed of golden lilies, in the golden lamplight,
Makes my heart a golden harp with golden strings;
And my guardian angel, pale, and dark, and shining,
Takes up the harp, and plays, and to the music sings.

Golden songs she sings of God and happy Heaven,
Heaven, that's here below, and Heaven that she has
made
With the joy she scatters, from her inner radiance,
On dark lives of men, like sunlight in a glade;

Songs of fair green earth, and trees, and gleaming waters,
Songs of night-blue skies, and golden lamps, and love—
Love, that flames in daily charities of healing,
Evermore its glowing tenderness to prove.

Bed of golden lilies, in the golden lamplight,
Give, I pray you, give, to every passer by,
Visions of green earth, and holy sapphire Heaven,
And wild, unbroken strains of heavenly ecstasy.

MAGICAL LONDON.

Magical London, born, in winter,
Into my ken, through a world of woe,
Now that you've grown to glowing summer,
Up and down, through your ways I go,
Filled with the glory of high delight,
Magical London, by day and night.

Magical London, ablaze with colour—
Green of the grass, and blue of the sky,
Red of geraniums, and salvias glowing,
Burning the sin and the misery,
Gold of the evening, white of the noon ;
Take, if you will, this song of June.

OF THE DEAD.

To E.H.

Shall I in stony silence lie,
With vision on vision drifting by,
Of wild, unearthly ecstasy—
Visions of wholly other spheres,
Where dwell our own, our blessed Dears,
Redeemed from sin, and pain, and tears?
Nay, I will cry, and cry again
Their joy, their blest release from pain,
Their cleansing from the world's grey stain.

Shall I, by graves, my vigil keep,
When all the world is laid asleep,
And only churchyard grasses reap?
Nay, but, by day, I'll gather flowers
Of song, from paradise' green bowers,
And place them—Holy Spirit's dowers,
Upon the wide world's altars, there
To flame in many-coloured prayer;
And on men's boards, to grace their fare.

PARK-LOVE. St. James's.

The daisies love the sparrows,
  And the sparrows love the daisies ;
I love the sparrows,
  And the sparrows love my praises.

I love the daisies,
  And the daisies love Song's brightness,
And all the living glory
  Gathered from their whiteness.

If the birds were sullen,
  Life were not gladness ;
Or the flowers, unwilling,
  Joy were a madness.

Birds and daisies, giving
  Love, and freedom, pleasure,
In the joy of being
  My heart knows no measure.

EVELYN.

Unfading rose of friendship sweet,
  Friendship, that ever holier grows,
From loveliness to loveliness—
  Perennial, glowing, fragrant rose!

True looks more real than any words—
  Each look a benediction is;
And gentle tones of heartening speech,
  Caressing more than any kiss!

Eyes of the river's subtlest depth,
  The depth of human sympathy;
Face, with the high, eternal seal
  Of suffering's nobility!

Of friendship's manifold romance,
  The sweetest, purest, loveliest flower,
Blooming for earth, for paradise—
  My happy, sacramental dower!

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.

Descend Thou into hell, dear Lord,
  Again and yet again ;
Into the hell of sweated work ;
  The hell of needless pain ;

Of prostitution ; drunkenness ;
  Of animals, betrayed,
By ruthless science, to agony ;
  Into each hell, that's made

By callousness, by cruelty,
  By fierce, implacable lust ;
And, with Thy Spirit's holy flame,
  Burn Thou the hells to dust.

BLESSING.

To W.O.

When you'd bless a soul, you love,
  Call him ever, night and day,
Though he far in sin may rove,
  Though he oft in danger stray,
Call him, call him, to the Grace
Of Spirit in your own life-place.

When you've called him to your side,
  From the mountain, from the mine,
Or across the ocean wide,
  Breathe upon him breath divine,
From the living Spirit in you—
God, immortal, wise, and true.

Then, through all unseen, afar,
  Then, though bodily, visibly, near,
You have mingled, where no bar
  Comes between heart's-dear and dear;
You have set High Spirit free,
To bless your friend eternally.

LOVING LONDON.

To V.S.

In London's many happy bowers,
  I sing my life away;
By London's lofty, cloud-crowned towers,
  I spend my last, bright day.

On London's grass, my heart sinks down
  Unto its last, long sleep;
To London I would leave my crown
  Of spirit-joy, to keep.

In London, spirit-birth I knew,
  Before my days were done;
And London streets and parks I'll strew
  With spoils of moon and sun.

Dear London, take my captured song,
  My song more glad and free,
Than ever did to me belong,
  Ere my Muse married thee.

INTERCESSION.

Weep not for all you've suffered, now ;
For selfish grief is vain ;
But let your tears divinely flow
For others' woe and pain.

Pray not that gifts from highest heaven
Upon your path be shed ;
But pray that all may be forgiven—
The living, and the dead.

Seek not your own salvation ; see,
For saving all men yearn ;
And universal charity
In your lamp of prayer must burn.

"O, save the world!" should be your cry
"From war and all its woe ;
Commiserate their agony,
Who through its furnace go ;

"May secret glory, and the peace
Of conscious righteousness,
Uphold their hearts, their souls release,
Their fainting spirits bless.

"May every drop of sacred blood,
In holy warfare spilt,
Be turned into a crystal flood,
To cleanse the world from guilt."

RAIMENT.

So long as I can pick and choose,
I'll wear no raiment, on life's road,
That is not bright and beautiful.
The raiment of the Bride of God
(That is the Beauty of the World)
Is gay, and lovely—a miracle
Of blue, and red, and green unfurled.

So, to the gay world I'll be true
In colour, thus to praise the Bride,
Though I should be so old, so old,
That men would wonder I had not died,
In blue and white, or red and gold,
Or purple and green, a herald, I
Shall cry: "The Bride, behold! behold!"

SOLDIERS.

Each generous boy, whose blood runs red,
  Is wounded, with the wounds of Christ;
And every soldier, lying dead,
  To save the world was sacrificed.

Their lifeblood shed, their pang, their tear
  Are taking the sins of the world away.
Requite their faith, whose names appear,
  O God, in heaven, from day to day.

After they've rent the mortal veil,
  Unfearful, dauntless, glorious-wise,
May they have power, when mortals fail,
  To nerve anew our sacrifice.

WHAT DO YOU STAND FOR?

What do you stand for? Look well, and see;
Succour, or hindrance, or misery?
Beauty and grace, or darkness and shame?
What is the aura surrounding your name?

Bread, or a stone; a grape, or a thorn;
A fig, or a thistle; do you offer, at morn,
To the souls in your path, to the hearts at your gate,
To the mourner, the sinner, the desolate?

If you've nothing for man, you'll have nothing for God,
When, at last, you shall meet, on some sorrowful road;
And how will you drink the black cup of your shame,
When He stops you, and tenderly calls you by name?

THE COBWEB.

Man weaves a mighty cobweb
  Against the deep, blue sky—
The grey and dusty cobweb
  Of his hopeless misery.

God rends the mighty cobweb,
  That man may see His Face,
And bathe his trembling spirit
  In the ether of His grace.

NORFOLK SQUARE.

To V.S.

In the trees a bird is singing,
Ever gay, at morn and even—
A wee, brown bird, in gladness winging
Through greenest earth and bluest heaven ;

Singing of earth's beauty, singing
Of heaven's high delight of blue,
Its joy of white ; blent rapture, bringing
All, O source of song, to you ;

Through your open window flying,
Trembling, to your homing breast ;
For a moment's glory, lying
In its heart's desire, the nest

Of your hand, that lifts it, ever,
For a moment to your cheek,
Where it thanks its radiant giver
With song, no mortal words can speak.

Then, with happy heart returning,
To its trees your bird wings home ;
And the Angels, of it learning,
Wondering, to your window come.

SPIRIT LIFE.

The life, that in the rose abides—
A miracle of form, and scent,
And colour's wild, high-flooding tides,
Is with the life of Spirit blent;
It flows through God; it flows through men;
It flows into the flower again.

The life of hill and hollow, shade
And light, the life of stony street,
Of desert waste, of laughing glade,
Is still the life of men, whose feet
Pass through it; still the life of God;
For every way of life's His Road.

The life of star, the life of sea,
With God and man commingled are,
And never separate can be,
Though oft unlike they seem, and far:
In everything, God lives and moves,
In all Creation, His Being proves.

CHELSEA GARDENS.

To E.H.

Rest for the wayfarer ; door, that stands open ;
  Heart-home of tenderness ; shrine of the soul ;
In my dark agony, here was I holpen ;
  Hither I turn me for friendship's free dole.

Here do I come, for the peace of the whiteness ;
  Here do I come, for the cool of the blue ;
For the rest of the grey ; for the flowers ; for the brightness ;
  For the friend of my spirit, Evelyn, for you.

NATURAL BEAUTY.

The florist takes the lily,
And plucks its gold away—
Its pollen-case and pollen,
Lest yellow dust should stray
On the white flower, and mar its face ;
Yet, gold, on the white, is an added grace.

Man must not pluck from living
The gold of love away,
Lest dust of love, wind-scattered
Upon life's face should stray ;
For love's gold dust, on life's face shed,
Can raise a spirit from the dead.

IN A DOORWAY.

To V.S.

We turned, to leave the House of God;
  Along the world's wide ways
To take again our diverse road—
  Each heart to live His praise,
As each blest heart full well knew how—
The invisible Cross upon each brow.

We turned, and, as we parleying stood,
  (As friends, at parting, do)
There swelled from your kind spirit a flood
  Of Love, that drenched me through;
My spirit sank, anew to rise,
Radiant and clean, to Paradise.

And there, dear friend, I dwell with you,
  And serve before the Throne;
We scatter moonlit, evening dew
  From joys, that we have known;
We tend the blossoms, God has given,
To grow on earth, from flowering heaven.

BLENDING.

My heart keeps calling, calling:
"Come, O come to me,
Floods of human loving;
That to the Infinite Sea
Of Love, together, we may flow;
Together, all its wonder know."

My soul keeps crying, crying
To souls of women and men:
"O let my soul commingle
With yours; its limits, then,
In Love ecstatic it will lose,
And live for Universal Use."

My spirit keeps yearning, yearning,
To spirit in any sphere,
To spirit, that may inhabit
The distant Vast, or here:
"Blend with my spirit, and make me free
To roam through all Eternity."

TO THE PURE.

Everything is freely given
  To the pure in heart;
For they've room to hold all heaven,
  Where no smallest part
Of their being owns the sway
Of selfhood, driving heaven away.

Everything is freely taught
  To the pure in mind;
For the Teacher, all unsought,
  Pages clean can find,
Ready for His constant use,
How, and when, His Hand may choose.

Everything is freely sent
  To the pure in spirit,
In eternal sacrament.
  All, God's sons inherit,
Comes through channel of chastity,
Holy Water of Life to be.

A LAMP. St. John's.

To V.S.

O, I will be a lamp, in the temple of the Lord—
A red, undying lamp; and His name shall be adored
By the flame His own hand lit, when my life was cold and dark,
And wet with dews of death, by a sudden stranger-spark.

I know I am a lamp, in the temple of the Lord;
And there's graven on my glass the high and holy Word,
The sacred Word of LIFE; and it's Life, for which I'm hung
From the temple's vault of heaven, and over darkness swung.

And I still shall be a lamp, in the temple of the Lord,
When my body has been slain, with time's unsparing sword;
I may even be a star, if the Lord will give me scope,
For He's made the star and me of the same immortal Hope.

I am glad to be a lamp, in the temple of the Lord—
Among His other lamps, redeemed, renewed, restored;
For I might have been a flame, in the nether pit to flare,
Burning up sweet human souls, and my own soul, in despair.

GOD'S NEED.

God cannot do without me:
  Although my life be small,
And humble, poor, and lowly,
  His Life on mine doth call,
For love, and shelter, rest, and home.
My heart is waiting: come, God, come!

God cannot do without me:
  Although my need be great
Of love, and help, and grace, from Him,
  Although on Him I wait,
Each passing hour, for life, for thought—
My wish is with His longing fraught.

God cannot do without me;
  And, therefore, I will give
Myself unto Him joyfully,
  Each moment, that I live:
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,
Dear God, I give myself to Thee.

HIGHGATE.

To M., A., & D.B.

In a world of green and roses,
Creamy, fragrant, showering roses;
Green, as far as eye can see;
Roses, clustering, tree on tree;
Here I sojourn, peace-possessed:
Thanks, O friends, for love and rest.

In a world of green and roses,
Creamy, fragrant, showering roses;
In a world of kindred feeling,
Kindred thought, and kindred healing,
Love grows beautiful and whole,
Heart with heart, and soul with soul.

To your world of green and roses,
Creamy, fragrant, showering roses,
Poplars, sunlit water, cows,
Sweet amenities of a house,
My glad spirit ever comes,
Hailing one of its bright homes.

THE CHURCH.

The Church my fainting spirit fed,
With sacramental wine and bread,
That nowhere else my life could find;
It lifted drooping heart and mind
Into the heavenly spirit-sphere,
And brought my death-lost lover near.

The Church, the handmaid of God's grace,
Appointed me, anew, a place
In life, as joyful chorister;
On earth, as happy forester;
In heaven, as keeper of a gate;
In the world, as conqueror of fate.

The Church I bless, with all my might;
The Church I pray for, day and night;
The Church my words, my songs uphold
With living pillars of green and gold;
For, hour by hour, and day by day,
Jesus comes there, to praise and pray.

LONDON FOUNTAINS.

To V.S.

Wherever we have parted,
A fountain springs up sweet,
A fount of glad tears, cooling
The hot and dusty street ;

A fount of glad tears, lighted
By sunshine from High Heaven,
To tender colours of beauty,
And affection, freely given.

Wherever we have parted,
I evermore return,
In silent awe and wonder,
Song's mysteries to learn,

From the mystic, dropping waters,
That none but me can hear ;
And I make my songs and sing them
To any, who draw near.

THE MALL.

Deep, gold moon, on golden billows,
Riding, through a sea of cloud,
High above the Mall, dusk-folded,
Where night's tender blues enshroud
Pale green trees, by gold lamps blessed;
Shed, on day's hot life, cool rest.

Golden moon, serene, triumphant,
Lady of peace, whom Lord of toil
Sends, to flood the earth with radiance,
From blue height to grassy soil;
Overbrim men's hearts with love,
Throughout the universe to rove.

RESTRAINT.

To A.R.W.

'Twixt Heaven and Hell, there's not a hair;
And man needs all his ardent care,
Lest, from sweet Heaven, to Hell he come,
To make in it his mortal home.

'Twixt love and lust, there is no bar,
That man can see; and endless war
Of spirit with body, alone, can save
Love, from some narrow passion-grave.

From glory to shame, one step, alone,
Will lead a man; he's overthrown
From honour, by a flickering thought,
And in some net of untruth caught.

Restraint, alone, can be man's guard,
Restraint, alone, keep watch and ward;
Man's safe, if he will place his soul
Under his spirit's high control.

A COURT.

To L.G.

Court of shadow, court of cool,
  Court of shelter from the street,
Waters, to some mystic pool
  Dropping, in your green depths, greet
My blest ears from far away;
And I hear the waters say:

"Here Imagination dwells,
  With her holy, happy brood,
Ever weaving sacred spells
  For Universal Beauty and Good;
Here the hours of day and night
Are lit by Inspiration's light.

"Art and Life together move,
  With Immortal Spirit blent,
And high affiliation prove
  In Beauty's endless Sacrament;
Here Love and kind Humanity
Avow their sweet affinity."

Life of calm and patient pain,
  Learning secrets, day by day,
At the shrines of sun and rain,
  In the temples, where you pray,
Share with me your ease of the road—
The flint-strewn way that leads to God.

BOUNTY.

A woodland-coloured sparrow,
With life before me spread,
I never wake, at morning,
But someone flings me bread.

I never seek the healing
Of any park's sweet grass,
But beams of love, or beauty,
Fall from the folk, that pass.

I never perch, at evening,
In any leafy nest,
But that I find I'm sheltered,
In the Eternal Breast.

THE FOUNDATION.

The deep foundation of God's House
Nor dogma, rite, nor doctrine is,
But mercy, faith, and charity,
And Love's divine and human bliss.

Deep, deep, the sure foundation lies,
So deep, no human heart can see ;
'Tis one of God's hid' mysteries,
Who laid it, firm and sure to be.

It lies abroad through all the earth ;
There any man may build a House
Of holy sorrow, or sacred mirth,
Wherein to pay his secret vows.

A GRAVE.

Death has never passed this way ;
  Only radiant life dwells here,
Knowing naught of sad decay,
  Naught of misery, of fear ;

Life, that quickens, hour by hour,
  Both the unseen and the seen ;
Life, that evermore has power
  To keep all living young and green.

All the living, who pass by,
  Drink, where Life wells freely up,
In triumphant ecstasy,
  From Immortality's bright cup.

SELFHOOD.

So long as you love yourself alone,
And live, yourself to please,
And adore yourself with clothes and state,
You cannot be at peace.

So long as, vain, you court and woo
Mock admiration, try
To press your seal on all the world,
Your spirit will droop, and die.

So long as man you seek, and seek,
In nets of sense to bind,
And never kneel, confessed, and meek,
God you will never find.

O slay your selfhood ; Grace will then
Your being flood amain ;
Unselfish love of God and men
Will heal your heart again.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

While geraniums are in flower,
  By the Palace I pass,
There to seize my royal Dower
  From the willing grass:
Day by day, they still are there,
Offering passionate praise and prayer;

Saying all, I cannot say,
  Through their beauty bright,
To the living Lord of Day,
  To the Lady of Night—
Thanks to Father-Mother God,
For the joy of Life's gay road.

And when they, at length, are gone,
  Leaving petals shed—
Drift upon the breeze's moan,
  Still they are not dead:
In my heart their fires are lit,
For kind heat and service fit.

JESUS.

Jesus, walk, in flames of fire,
Through the paths of my desire;
Burn my selfhood all away;
Leave but Godhead in my day.

Jesus, flow, in streams of light,
Through the darkness of my night,
My night of sorrow, that tenderness
Of thine and mine the world may bless.

Jesus, wash my spirit free
From lingering mortality,
In the fountain of thy grace,
That I may radiate thy face.

THE SILHOUETTE.

To E.H.

When I come home by Berkeley Square, at night,
A plane-tree, standing in the bright lamplight,
Its shadow casts—a clean-cut silhouette,
That holds me, joyous, in its shifting net.

And, ere from beauty's net I break away,
A Voice, from out the deeps of night and day,
Cries out: "All, that on earth you hear and see,
Is but Time's shadow on Eternity."

ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER.

All around me, souls I see
At the labour where I'd be,
Winning souls, for Thee to shine,
Out of human bringing divine:
Let me, too, win souls for Thee.

I would set sin's prisoners free,
Paying their ransom with love's fee;
I've the will, but not the power;
Give me courage, hour by hour;
Let me, too, win souls for Thee.

Trembling, to Thine Arms I flee;
Consecrating Hand on me
Lay, O Lord, that, in Thy Name,
I may combat sin and shame;
Ever winning souls for Thee.

INTUITION.

If you give me a hint, I will take it,
And into a song I will make it;
If you give me a sign, I will read
The secret, from which you bleed.

You need not tell me your sorrow:
I have guessed it; and you may borrow
My spirit's silent love,
My sympathy may prove.

I see where your joys are growing:
(They flame without your knowing);
I hear your unuttered prayer,
And my heart is with you there.

I can tell what has made you, and taught you;
For the selfsame Hands, that have brought you
Where you stand, brought me, too; I have seen
All places, wherever you've been.

I cannot enter a room,
But I know if a soul is a tomb;
And I cannot look on a face,
But I read the heart's live pace.

I can see if a spirit's clean
From the earth-place, where 't has been;
If it's soiled, I cannot but know,
Though its garment be of snow.

If you want to quicken sense,
Leave all the world's pretence;
And soon you'll find that you
Can read life's story too.

ALL LIVE UNTO HIM.

Their lives were lent to us, dear Lord,
  Their lives that were Thine own,
Their beauteous lives of deed, and word,
  Of tear, of smile, of moan;

And, now, their lives to Thee return,
  We dare not murmur: "Nay!"
But all our gloom of sorrow burn
  In Thy white flame of day.

God of the living and the dead,
  Thy children all are found,
Whether on earth, or spirit-sped,
  Within Thy holy bound.

MORNING LILIES.

White lily of the body,
  Who said you were not pure,
And meet for holy worship,
  The while you shall endure?

God's garden of white lilies
  He evermore renews,
Gathering, and planting earthwise,
  As He shall daily choose.

White lily of my body,
  White lilies of the world,
I worship you, each morning,
  With spirit-dew empearled.

JESUS, JESUS, COME FOR ME.

When I need to come away,
Jesus, from my earthly play,
Tired, too tired, to hear and see,
Jesus, Jesus, come for me!

Jesus, whom my heart has loved;
Jesus, whom my soul has proved;
Jesus, who hast set me free,
Jesus, Jesus, come for me!

Jesus, when I leave my toil
Of sowing heaven's seeds in earthly soil,
That grey life bright with flowers may be;
Jesus, Jesus, come for me!

Jesus, come, with gracious hand,
To lead me to the unseen land,
With loving voice . . . *'Tis he! 'Tis he—*
Jesus! Jesus! come for me!

COMRADE-SOULS.

To V.S.

When the heart beats true, and the aim is high,
There is no happiness, under the sky,
So deep, and so wide, as of comrade-souls,
Who journey, together, to self-same goals.

Straight and true in each other's eyes
They can look, nor fear the dark surprise
Of a covert thought; and there they can read
Each other's care, each other's need.

Reverence and sympathy are theirs:
Reverence, that fears; and love, that cares;
And nature, with her wild, wild wings
That soars to the hidden heart of things.

O, comrade-souls, beneath the sun,
Your life in heaven is begun;
For nevermore ye need to part,
Who live in one another's heart.

TO A PIGEON.

Grey and rainbow-tinted bird,
By your beauty I am stirred
Life to worship, you to love,
Every living thing above,
For the moment, that you're sent
For my high enravishment.

Walking proudly on pink feet,
In the dusty, chancy street,
You have taught me love and faith,
Fearlessness of life and death ;
Pigeon, pigeon, flying home,
I take wing, to God to come.

DELIVER.

Deliver our souls from dark prenatal shadows;
  Deliver our bodies from heredity;
From phantoms of the past, that mock and taunt us,
  O set our spirits free!

From violation of any holy instinct;
  From desecration of creative power;
From any wound to sensibility;
  Deliver, from hour to hour!

From any sudden lapse from truth or honour;
  From cold refusal love to give, or take;
From luxury, from sloth, from soul-extinction;
  Deliver, for Spirit's sake!

THE CROSS.

The Cross shall dominate the world,
  Until the world shall fade ;
The Cross—the Tree of Life, empearled
  With tears in each man's glade.

Lift high the Cross in worship ; show
  At will, its holy sign,
When any mystic joy you know,
  Or human, or divine.

O wear the Cross upon your breast,
  That passion may be pure ;
For only thus can Love have rest
  From self, and still endure.

O bear the Cross upon the hill,
  To ease the Lord's sad load,
And His divine desire fulfil,
  On Sorrow's endless road.

PRAYER.

To V.S.

Prayer is not a conscious striving
  With imprisoned words,
But a quick, unconscious sending
  Of the heart's wild birds
To the blue of heaven's breast,
There to find their Parent-Nest.

Prayer is not a fruitless wrestling
  With some anxious thought;
But a peaceful homing of spirit,
  Into Spirit brought,
By the drawing, above, below,
By the need for Interflow.

TURNINGS.

To V.S.

I know the turning to my home;
For there a happy tree,
Just at the sign of Bourdon Street,
Waves signals green to me;
And there, a golden lamp sheds light,
Lest I should stumble in the night.

I know the turning to my God;
For there a tree is set,
A soaring tree of living Faith,
Whereunder violet,
In fragrant beds of grace, lies spread,
Upon the soil of sorrow dead.

REALITIES.

In this world of shadows,
  We may come to feel,
From the hidden brightness,
  The promptings of the real.

In this world of shadows,
  We may come to know
What is lasting beauty,
  What is passing show.

In this world of shadows,
  We may come to see,
With the eye of spirit,
  All eternity.

In this world of shadows,
  We may come to hear
Strains of angel-music,
  From the spirit-sphere.

In this world of shadows,
  We can find our God;
We need never wander,
  But upon His Road.

MY BANNER.

My banner is waving for Thee, dear Lord ;
  My banner is waving for Thee,
Emblazoned with signs of Thy living word,
  In hues of my ecstasy.

With colours of glory, 'tis laughing and leaping,
  In the sunlight of Thy love ;
In Thy breath it is singing, while high it is keeping
  My heart all her sorrows above.

Its groundwork is white ; and its border is blue ;
  For only in chastity grow
The gentians of heavenly sincerity, true
  To the cleanness of touch of the snow.

The cross that it bears, on its breadth and its length,
  Is red, for Love's lifeblood, that's given,
Wherever Love dwells, and, by wisdom and strength,
  Creates of its presence a heaven.

In each arm of the cross, green circles are wrought,
  In thanks for the joy of the earth ;
And on each green circle a gold star is caught
  From my joy of the day of my birth.

My banner is waving, is waving for Thee,
  In the clean wind of Spirit unfurled ;
My banner is waving, and ever shall be
  Joy-coloured, above the grey world.

TO THE ALTAR (St. John's, Westminster)

O come, and seek, and find high grace,
In seeing of God's Parent-Face;
O come; for God's insatiable Love,
For ever waits Itself to prove.

O come, for mercy's generous dole;
O come, 'tis praise's happy due;
O come; unburden your glad soul
Of all that Jesus means to you.

Come: God is here; and Jesus waits
For you his love and peace to inherit;
And lo, there stands at the altar-gates
The ever Divine-and-Human Spirit.

REAL FRIENDSHIP.

Not on loving looks depend,
Not on tenderness of speech,
Not on clasping hands, O friend,
Not on written words, that reach
Slumbering mind, or dormant soul ;
But on spirit, sane and whole.

Not on consecrating touch,
Not on dreams, by presence given,
Not on little, or on much
Sacramental bread of heaven—
Joy of wildly soaring light
Of love, through unconfinèd night

But on Faith and Spirit-Communion
Anchor all your need of love,
And, in everlasting union,
You with friend and friend will rove,
On the high Eternal Road,
That Itself is Heavenly God.

SPIRITS.

They walk about the world by day—
  The world of battle-shame ;
Invisibly they do, they say,
  They breathe—a kindling flame.

They move about the world by night,
  In bands, in groups, alone ;
They note each mad, each peaceful sight ;
  They hear each laugh, each moan.

If any hears their counsel kind,
  Or heeds their holy prayer,
By the ancient pathway of the wind,
  To heaven his spirit they bear.

A SPIRIT-MARRIAGE.

I am more yours, than if you'd ever held me
In bonds of mute, untellable delight,
In frank, free ecstasy of body granted
By life, through happy day, and sacred night.

You are more mine, than if I'd ever borne you
The child that every woman yearns to bear,
And suckled it, and, with you, fostered sweetly
The holy nursling of our common care.

Because 'twas but your loving spirit held me,
Since you are gone, your spirit holds me now;
And I have borne you many living poems,
And still shall bear, my motherhood knows how.

LONDON PARKS.

O sacred groves of London,
  O happy haunts of life,
Where age-long Joy lives, radiant,
  With Beauty, his young wife;

And brings forth grass, and bushes,
  And trees, and cheerful birds,
And sparkling grey-green waters,
  And poets' gleaming words;

O sacred groves of London,
  Where sun and moon ride free,
To you I bring Song's harvest
  Of all your gaiety.

SURSUM CORDA.

Lift up your hearts; the Lord doth wait;
  He yearns to hear your voice.
Lift up your hearts; the Lord is great;
  He makes your woes rejoice;
Lift up your hearts; deliverance high
Is near, from sin and misery.

We lift our hearts, O Lord; we lift
  Our heavy hearts to Thee;
We lift to Thee each shining gift
  Of Thine, that it may be
More beautiful. Our thoughts we raise,
That Thou mayest make them glow with praise.

We lift our lives, O Lord, to Thee,
  No more to droop and fall;
In Thy High Keeping, safe to be,
  We lay ourselves, our all,
Blent with Thy Spirit, our spirits move
Within the bound of Heavenly Love.

LAMBETH.

Golden sunshine's lying on the wide, grey river ;
  Steamers churn its greyness into creamy foam ;
Little swells and ripples break its surface ever ;
  Seagulls soar above it, high in heaven's dome.

Blue, above the water, blue of distant heaven ;
  Storm-black cloud across it ; massed white cumuli
Tender pink of evening, holy spreading leaven ;
  In your changing pageant, endless visions I see.

Now a steamer passes, with its funnel flaming,
  Flaming red against the paradise of trees,
Like my living song, for ever soaring, aiming
  At offering joyful worship to the Spirit's breeze.

A CHRISTIAN.

Thee do I evermore confess,
Dear Christ, before the world;
Thy Name is my protecting dress,
Thy Praise, a banner unfurled,
Whereby, I summon loving spirits,
Each one, that thy true heart inherits,
To win, for thee, the world of sense,
The heathen world of vain pretence,
Upon our doorsteps, in our homes,
Wherever selfhood stays, or comes.

Thou hast confessed me unto God,
And unto spirits blest,
Who have made plain the tortuous road,
That leads me unto Rest.
Thou hast confessed me unto men
With fearless words of lip and pen,
With deeds of courage, and of faith,
Done in despite of daunting Death:
Thou hast confessed me: I am thine,
Dear Brother, human and divine.

DAVIES STREET.

Night-blue upon the sky,
 Lamp-gold upon the street:
By earth, to Heaven on high,
 Guide Thou my lonely feet.

My wanderings to a close,
 Lord, any day may bring;
By rose of cloud, by rose
 Of lamp, while now I sing,

Shed Wonder on the Road,
 The Road that leads me far
To Thee, All-Loving God,
 Through lamp, through cloud, through star.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a great forgiving,
  And a boundless trust;
Friendship is unselfish living
  On a meagre crust,
That the needy may be fed
With sacramental wine and bread.

Friendship is the fearless reaching
  Deep abysmal pain,
With some arm of Love, or teaching;
  Friendship is the gain
Of the healer, from his doles
Unto all afflicted souls.

Friendship is the flower, that blooms
  Bright beyond the grave,
Not among man's mournful tombs,
  Where no care can save
All its fairness from decay,
But in bright Immortal Day.

LEAVING SELF.

I will Thy will alone;
Thy Desire is my desire;
I give myself to man;
While unto Thee I aspire.

I open wide my heart,
For the Mystic Christ to meet
Infinite Spirit without
In blending free, complete.

I name the names, I love,
I name the names of need,
I bow before the rood:
I know that Thou dost heed.

DAY PRAYER.

Be my gift to sing, to pray,
To heal, to take men's sins away,
Weak, unworthy, though I be,
Manifest Your Love through me!

Be my gift to labour long,
Fighting ancient, world-wide wrong,
Or to shower delight and glee,
Manifest Your Love through me!

Be my gift to spread and give
All that I of You receive,
By imaging Beauty that I see,
Manifest Your Love through me!

Whatso be the gift I use,
Let it be as You may choose;
Tunefully, or silently,
Manifest Your Love through me!

Now and ever, in Life, in Death,
Fountain of my spirit-breath,
Hear, O hear my living plea;
Manifest Your Love through me!

CRUCIFIED.

Hanging between earth and heaven,
Spurned by earth, by heaven not claimed,
Sorrow's martyrs oft are given
The crown of thorns, despised, defamed;
The wounded side, that Love may flow,
For ever, to the world below.

Agonized, and dead, sod-hidden,
Man must be, to rise again
Clean, triumphant, new, God-bidden —
Lost, all selfhood; lost, all stain;
Then his life gains power to move
All men, by its sacred love.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

To V.S.

Lest man should, careless, cease to pray,
The grass prays for him, day by day—
A myriad prayers, from countless blades,
By roadsides, and in hallowed glades.

Lest man should still neglect to praise,
The flowers their heads in beauty raise,
And offer colours to the sky—
A thousand hues to God Most High.

And when man will not sing, sweet bird
On bird in holy dells is heard,
Lest God should miss the sound of song
The world's less thankful sounds among.

And when, from day to wretched day,
Man will not cast his sins away,
The rivers run, the fountains fall,
To cleanse his thoughts, in spite of all.

Kind Nature, ever yet redeem
Man's soul, through grass, through flowers, through stream,
Through bird-notes, through the common air—
Man's medium of unconscious prayer.

ST. MARGARET'S.

Tower of St. Margaret's, lifting me upward,
  Upward, and upward, beyond your fair height,
Into the white of day's cloud of new glory,
  Into the fathomless blue of the night!

Grass of St. Margaret's, oasis of coolness;
  Grass of St. Margaret's, beloved by my eyes;
Grass of St. Margaret's, where birds preen in safety—
  Pigeons, and sparrows, the brood of the skies!

Well I have loved you, in days that were sullen,
  Hopeless, and blurred with the shadow of death;
Now that it's lifted, I thank you with singing:
  Take, if you will, this white flame of my breath.

THE GARDENS OF THE LORD.

God will blossom in your soul
  To beauty, joy, and love,
If you will give yourself to Him,
  And let His loving prove
Itself, in all Its tenderness,
Its wonder-power to save, and bless.

Your holding, in the wilderness,
  Shall be a garden sweet,
Where many a weary traveller
  May rest his wayworn feet;
The fragrance of your life shall be
Of man's distress the remedy.

The Gardens of the Lord shall meet,
  As one by one grows fair,
With many-coloured blossoms, born
  Of made and granted prayer,
Of cry of earth for sun and rain,
Of heaven descending once again.

In time, the wilderness shall be
  A garden vast and gay,
And sin, and agony, and death
  For ever pass away:
O pray! 'Tis man's increasing prayer
That helps God make His Garden fair.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

The world is the Church of the Living God,
Whose priests are lives, that realize
The God within themselves, and all,
And show the sacred mysteries,
With picture, book, or gleaming song,
And strive to conquer death and wrong.

Its altar is the soul of man;
Man's heart, the constant sacrifice;
Man's spirit is the censer swung,
Whence prayers continually arise;
Labour and sorrow are gems that shine
Upon the crucifix divine.

O come and worship, stranger-lives,
O come and worship! God the Lord,
In all His wide immensity,
Can in your being be adored;
If you will to the Temple come,
The Temple, sure, shall be your Home.

PERPETUAL BLOSSOM.

To V. S.

Many flowers will only bloom
  In the Spring;
My heart sends from out its gloom
  Blossoming,
At any time of life's long year,
Song on song, from tear on tear;
Song on song, from sorrow's mould
Song on song, from winter's cold,
Song on song, from death's defeat,
Song on song, from Love's kind heat.

Take the flowers my heart has grown;
  They're for you—
Flowers of joy, that sprang from moan,
  Wet with dew
Of the Spirit, coloured gay
With the Spirit's lovely play,
When He breathes, and burns, and shines,
And my happy tendrils twines;
When He flows in sap, and fills
All my being's countless rills.

IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

Winds of holy inspiration,
Wings of radiant adoration,
Come, when man inclines to pray,
And lift the soul from sense away.

Songs of happy expectation,
Flowers of sacred exultation,
Visions of beauty, Words of God,
Are all along the heavenly road.

Man, O man, set foot, through prayer,
On the everlasting stair,
To the Region, high, sublime,
Set above the bounds of time.

HUSBAND.

O, since you died, your hands you laid,
Your spirit-hands, upon my head,
And softly to my soul you said:
"Sing dauntless, free, and unafraid,
The living message of the dead."

Now, that you live for evermore,
You sing in all my happy song,
And to each leaping verse belong:
It gleams as never heretofore,
As holy visions through it throng.

Husband, and everlasting friend,
In whom my heart abides alway,
Unto your high eternal Day
Bring my freed spirit, in the end,
In you and God to praise and pray.

THE MYSTIC CHRIST.

Where footsteps beat, by day and night,
  How few folk know the folk they meet;
How few folk see the living sight—
  Christ, as he walks in Regent Street.

Few folk, amid the motors' whirr,
  Have looked on Jesus, on the road,
Where he goes by to Westminster,
  To talk, anew, with Parent-God.

Folk do not, passing, make the sign
  Of the cross on that blest house, or this,
Where Christ turns water into wine,
  And men's sad tears, to dews of bliss.

To London, blest as Bethlehem,
  To London, blest as Nazareth,
Blest, as Divine Jerusalem,
  I dedicate my singing-breath.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET.

Covet not another's gifts ;
  Use your own ;
Borrowed power never lifts
  Heart of stone
To a serviceable height,
In the Temple of Day and Night.

Covet not another's gifts,
  While your own
On a sea of silence drifts,
  Where no moan
Of the Universal Heart it hears,
Nor dries, in secret, men's lone tears.

Covet not another's gifts ;
  When you do,
Your high passion veers and shifts
  From the true,
From the real, to a sham,
From your own to another's name.

TAKING THE ROAD.

I am a herald of High God—
I, lowliest of His servants, I,
A thing of sense, a stain, a clod,
Redeemed from sin and misery.
God chooses me to take the Road,
And cry: "Behold, behold your God!"

I am a herald of High God—
I stand on all the many ways
Of stony street, or grassy sod,
That lead to human prayer and praise.
God chooses me to take the Road,
And cry: "Behold, behold your God!"

I am a herald of High God;
And in His secret place I learn
The lifting of the human load,
The turning of whatso' heart will turn.
God chooses me to take the Road,
And cry: "Behold, behold your God!"

WATCHERS.

The sufferer does not hear, nor see
The silent cry, the agony;
The sufferer does not see, nor hear
The hidden pang, the secret tear,
That from his lovers' hearts are wrung,
In anguish, passing mortal tongue
To tell; the never-ending moan
Of prayer for him, that God, alone,
In His High Place of Pity hears,
Where all the agony He shares.

Thank God, the sufferer does not know
Our load of pain, our weight of woe;
Thank God, our fear, our loneliness
Upon his suffering do not press;
Thank God, Who takes him to His heart,
He does not feel our bitter part—
Our hopeless loss of him, our need
For him, alone, our lives to heed.
Thank God, our fruitless thrusts at death
Cannot disturb his quiet breath.

A RIDE.

To V.S.

From Westminster to Oxford Street,
As kind life lent me grace,
We rode, at roving spirit's beat,
At loving hearts' live pace.

Night lent its magic; mystic skies,
Pierced by a thousand lights,
Wakened our passion of surprise
To paradisal sights.

I ride, and ride, and still I ride—
Though all too soon went by
The ten bright minutes—by your side,
Through endless ecstasy.

HOMES.

To E.H.

Man wanders wide, his whole life long,
From heart to sheltering heart;
He ever seeks, amid the throng,
Some resting place apart,
Some sacred, ever welcoming home,
Where, from life's strangeness, he may come.

Many and many a home I've found,
On life's surprising road,
Where holy sight, and holy sound,
Have filled a heart-abode,
'Till it was meet for God to dwell
Therein, and all His wonders tell.

And, once, beside the way, I made
A home, a home of happy heaven,
Within a sheltered spirit-glade,
Where all life's miseries were forgiven:
God took my home to Paradise;
And I shall find it in the skies.

SCARLET.

Fire of Spirit, Fire of Holy Spirit,
Burn the black, the hopeless black of sin ;
Fire the grey of dreariness and sorrow ;
Glow the brazier of the heart within.

Scarlet, Fire of Holy Spirit, quicken
Flowers, and dawn, and sunset, banners, blood,
Wine of joy, and flaming temple window,
Still to nourish man's immortal mood.

Scarlet, scarlet, when I see you burning,
Holy passion floods my quiet breast :
And I break in flowers of scarlet, singing,
Unto everlasting joy confessed.

ANGELS.

Thine Angels come between my heart
And every wandering sin ;
And terrors from its doors depart,
When they abide within.

Thine Angels, holy Thoughts of Thine,
With drawn and flaming swords,
About my fearful pathway shine,
And give me heartening words.

Thine Angels, breathings of my soul,
When I am one with Thee,
Help me to keep unrent my whole
Divine Identity.

HELL.

If you harden your heart to a paving-stone,
  As a paving-stone, it must be
Worn and ground, through time, though you groan,
  Until Eternity
Shall fashion its dust anew, and raise
Your heart to life, in God's New Ways
Of Everlasting Song and Praise.

If you crush your soul to a grain of dust,
  And leave it no room to breathe,
But fill its place with pride, or lust,
  Relentless, stern soul-death
God first must send; and then, with pain,
To Him and you, create again
The soul, whose life your sin made vain.

CALL TO EVENING PRAYER.
Kensington Gardens.

To V.S.

The sky in golden ripples breaks,
And all the earth to wonder wakes;
The daisies bow their reverent heads
Upon their spreading, grassy beds;
The yellow wallflowers to the air
Yield fragrance. Every man to prayer
The birds are calling. Trees and grass
Incite to worship all, who pass.

We pray for peace. We praise Thee, Lord,
Who are Thy love-begotten Word;
We voice the Universal Song;
We swell the praise of the Spirit-Throng;
We in Thy Love delight; and Thou
Delightest in our worship now,
And sheddest Thy High Self abroad
In every heart that throbs: "Dear God!"

CALVARY.

Without the Cross, what had I been?
A hopeless, willing slave of sin;
Without the Cross, how had I found
Peace, growing in holy Sorrow's ground?
Calvary, O Calvary,
You are all, in All, to me!

But for the Cross, I had not known
The radiant joys, that are my own,
My own, to give, to lend, to show,
At will, to everyone I know.
Calvary, O Calvary,
You are all, in All, to me!

Till I was nailed upon my Cross,
Through Love's death-agony, through loss
Of Love's high presence from my sight,
I had not learned Love's utter might.
Calvary, O Calvary,
You are all, in All, to me!

Without the Cross, the spear, the rod,
I had not found my loving God;
Without the Cross I never had come
To make in Heaven my earthly home.
Calvary, O Calvary,
You are all, in All, to me!

IN THE SPIRIT.

More for raiment most men care
Than for the body; the body they tend,
Unto the soul's profound despair—
The soul that never has an end.

If soul is trammelled, deaf, and blind,
How then shall Spirit speak to soul?
If soul is lame, how shall it find
The path to Spirit's High Control?

O fling away your raiment; lose
Your body in the sea of prayer;
Set free your soul High Spirit to choose,
That it may find Him everywhere.

EVENING.

To W.O.

The faint, blue sky was white with wings
  Of all the heavenly host;
And, streaming from the heart of things,
  The ever Holy Ghost
In hallowed sight, in sacred sound,
In quickened sense, abroad was found.

O not a blade of grass, but stirred,
  Obedient to His will,
And not a bee, and not a bird,
  But spoke His message still;
My smouldering praise leapt forth in fire,
Touched with all Nature's God-Desire.

CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST.

Christ cannot be born in you
Unless the Holy Ghost may breathe
Through your being; therefore, heart,
All your secret parts unsheathe;

Soul, your hidden limbs unswathe;
Spirit, let His Love have play
In your depths, and in your heights:
And, when He in you has sway,

To the uttermost, in Love,
You shall travail with Holy Birth,
Bringing forth the Mystic Christ,
To be a joy to heaven and earth.

ON THE WAY.

Roses, you have helped to make me;
  Stone, and metal, I have drawn
Hardness from your mighty substance;
  Dews, from eve to new-washed dawn,
I have drunk your purity—
My being's chief reality.

Trees, and grass, your powers of growing
  You have given me; beast, and bird,
I have lived in you, and gathered
  Force and motion; I am stirred
By your passions and desires,
By your far, ancestral fires.

I have breathed in you, and used you,
  Whale and fly, upon my way;
By eternal involution,
  I've absorbed you, day by day,
Æon by æon, sea and sky;
For my high Identity.

THE CROSS.

To V.S.

There is no peace, until we know,
And realize, the Cross,
And to its nobler stature grow
Through pain, through death, through loss.

Lie down upon the Cross at night,
With arms extended wide,
And bear it on your back by day,
If you'd in peace abide.

The Cross, the Cross, my glory is;
The Cross has ever been
A gateway to my God's High Bliss,
Whereby I entered in.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY CLOISTERS.

To V.S.

Thoughts of peace—white, clustering daisies,
  Star the sacred sward of the soul—
Pure, and frank, and radiant praises
  Of the Living Winds, that roll
Over the holy House of God,
Over the hallowed, peaceful sward,
Over the towers, and aisles, and tombs,
Over the worshipper that comes ;
Winds of the Universal Breath,
Winds of the Spirit of Life, of Death.

All the petals of all the daisies,
  And every springing blade of grass,
Thrill with everlasting praises
  The thankful hearts of all, who pass ;
And their glad spirit, with Spirit blent,
Outward goes, with high intent
To redeem, with Peace and Life,
Worlds of woe, and wrong, and strife.
Daisies, grass, and cloister, all
With praise and prayer on Spirit call.

DIGNIFY.

God, Who dwellest in human me,
Give my body dignity;
Let its chasteness shed a light,
Mingled with Thy purity bright.
Small, and lowly, though I be,
Dignify, O God-in-me!

God, Who dwellest in human me,
To my soul give dignity;
Let its singing break in flower,
Mingled with Thy Passion-Dower.
Poor, unskilful, though I be,
Dignify, O God-in-me!

God, Who dwellest in human me,
Give my spirit dignity;
Let its love, through kindness, prove
That it mingles with Thy Love.
Cold and selfish though I be,
Dignify, O God-in-me!

THOSE I SHALL MEET.

When I have passed beyond the veil,
I know that I shall find,
With quickened sense, that cannot fail,
The lovers of my mind,
The parents of my happy heart,
The saviours of my soul,
The fosterers of my better part,
That spread, and claimed my whole.

When I have passed beyond the veil,
I know that I shall see
High souls, who dwelt beyond the pale
Of earth-bound misery,
And led me, out of night, to day,
By the eternal vision-way ;
And evermore sustained my tread,
Through valleys of the living and dead.

When I have passed beyond the veil,
I know that I shall hear
The poets' voices ; gladly hail,
Without a tremor of fear,
Those, who have given me holy bread,
Whereon my yearning gift has fed,
And sacred wine, whereby I proved
My gift of God and man beloved.

COMPENSATION.

I sing, I sing the Eternal Word—
Life's passionate triumph, through Despair;
I sing the pæan of glory, heard
From thankful lips of common care.

I sing the honour of the Cross;
Of saving, by the ruthless rod;
Of everlasting gain, through loss—
The losing of man, and finding of God.

WHEN TWO OR THREE GATHER TOGETHER.

To V.S.

When two or three together come,
Beneath the sky, beneath a dome;
Intense vibrations of their prayer
Can bring some lifting of their care;

For spirit can Holy Spirit find
On any breathing of the wind,
If spirit Holy Spirit seek,
Faithful, and unafraid, and meek.

Therefore we join our hearts, to raise
To God our wordless prayer and praise;
He knows our wants; we need but kneel,
His High Abounding Grace to feel.

So every prayer, of loving friends
Of Jesus, with High Spirit blends,
Till prayer and granting are but One
High Interchange of Heaven begun.

BOURDON STREET.

Blue night, with clouds of pearl,
  Floating serene, on high;
Wonder of sycamore,
  Night-green, against the sky:

You lift me, from the earth,
  To spheres and spheres unknown,
To find Creative Joy,
  And bow before His Throne.

UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

I fell, and fell, through misery
  Into the depths of night;
Life was a falling endlessly
  From cherished Love's kind sight;
For death had driven me out of heaven,
Of faith, of love, of hope bereaven.

I fell, I fell; but to the Arms
  Of Everlasting Love,
Where, sheltered, safe from all alarms,
  Eternally I prove
That God the spirit's refuge is—
The Goal of all men's destinies.

THE SYMBOL.

It helps to heal our sense of loss,
  It aids us in our ceaseless strife,
To know, the symbol of the Cross
  Was, long ago, the sign of Life.

O, not a shuddering sign of Death,
  Of Death, or hopeless agony ;
A sign of ever vital Breath ;
  A sign that suffering makes man free

To help his ever loving God
  New worlds of wonder to create ;
To find the Everlasting Road
  Of Joy, through Sorrow Immaculate !

IN THE GREEN PARK.

To R.M.

New-found old friend of other years,
  So long a stranger to my mind,
Though never to my heart, my tears—
  Gracious, and beautiful, and kind;
I share the glowing day with you;
I think your thoughts, and know you true.

I look upon your beauty: Time
  But adds a charm to all your grace;
For sorrows high, and joys sublime
  Irradiate your God-won face.
My springing thanks to you are spread
Green blades of grass, beneath your tread;

To cool the pathway for your feet;
  To glad' your eyes, that green do love;
To make the London pasture sweet;
  To feel your pulsing tread above
Their life; to yield their faint, fresh scent,
In peaceful, happy-breathed content.

LONDON LIFE.

I go a-begging, every day,
  Upon the crowded street,
And in the green park's grassy way,
  Of all the folk, I meet :

I beg experience, spirit-life ;
  I beg the human touch,
The gains of loneliness, of strife :
  Give little, or give much.

Sorrow and anguish pass me by,
  And lend their organ-note ;
Beauty, and truth, and jollity,
  In all my music float.

One gives his hands ; and, one, her eyes ;
  Another lends his voice ;
One, golden hair's sweet charities ;
  To make my Song rejoice.

UNDERNEATH HIS FEATHERS.

His feathers lie along the sky;
Who should be safe, if 'tis not I,
Who underneath His feathers move,
And know His Wing is Heavenly Love?

His feathers change from form to form;
His feathers bring sweet rain, wild storm;
But all, His feathers bring for me,
Fills my wide need on land and sea.

THE RELIGION OF JESUS.

Let us live like you, dear Lord;
Let us speak the Sacred Word,
Given to men by Loving Spirit,
Showing them all that they inherit;

Bidding them their kingdom seize
With the everlasting keys
Of meek simplicity, and grace,
That lie in every lowly place;

O let us stoop, Lord, humble-wise,
Nor be ashamed of common guise,
And find, among the dust, a key
To some surpassing mystery.

Only as children, we can reach
Unto the knowledge, thou dost teach,
Dear Jesus, Jesus, we would be
The children, suffered to come to Thee;

OXFORD STREET, by night.

To V.S.

Green, and red, and golden light,
From lamp, and bus, and shop is streaming ;
Every pathway of the night,
With its magic radiance, gleaming,
Flings its thanks to light again
For green, and red, and golden rain.

Many-coloured life and light
From your spirit, O friend, are streaming ;
Every track of sorrow's night,
With their heavenly splendour gleaming,
Flings its thanks to Love again,
For soul-refreshing, gay, light-rain.

MY HOMES.

To L.B.J.

Because I have no right to name
  A happy house my home,
A score of friends have let me claim
  Their hearts ; I go and come
To them by cheerful night, or day,
And with them praise, and with them pray.

In all my homes, I leave a song :
  Naught else have I to give ;
And all its living words belong
  To Him, by Whom I live ;
So every home becomes a shrine
For music human and divine.

THE IMAGE.

My Lord, my Lord shall supervene
Between my heart and mortal sin ;
The Image of my God shall be
A defence to the weakest part of me.

His Image cannot fade, or die ;
'Tis stamped on me eternally ;
Naught but myself can e'er deface,
In part, and wantonly, His trace.

The Image dignifies my sense,
And proves His holy immanence ;
O brightly may His features shine
Through ever-thankful, humble mine.

GOD BLESS LONDON.

God bless London ; God bless London ;
  All the way along
Every street, I ever wander,
  Lonely, in the throng ;
"God bless London," beats my thought-
Thought in living wonder caught.

God bless London, London toiling
  To some mighty end,
Of divine completeness ; London,
  London, be God's friend :
Offer back to generous heaven,
In your mirror, rapture given.

God bless London—traffic, turmoil,
  Life of man and beast,
Life of tree, and grass, and river ;
  London, west, and east,
London, north, and south, your face
Lies in the Infinite Embrace.

LAMPLIGHTERS.

He wanders through the park at night,
The man, who bears the sacred light ;
And, in a moment, wan lamps hold
And shed a sudden glory of gold.

I wander through the world of night,
A soul consumed by yearning light ;
I long to give my light away,
To shed some gold upon the grey ;

But O, I am too weak, too small ;
I can but pray, I may grow tall,
Or find a longer torch, that can
Light up the soul of woman, or man.

A BRIDE OF HEAVEN.

Every night, and every morn,
Dedicates my body, pure,
To my Bridegroom ; I was born,
For love, that ever shall endure.

Where I walk, in what strange lands,
I may do His high intent,
I must keep my yearning hands
Uncovered for the Sacrament.

I must wander, all unclad,
Save in veils of day and night,
That High Spirit may be glad
Of His happy, human sight.

I must bid the souls, I meet,
To my endless wedding feast,
From the highway and the street,
As I journey, west and east.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

Where the fountain of life wells up,
I am ever making a cup,
A cup, and a cup, busily;
For every man, that goes by,
From a different cup must drink,
At the fountain's happy brink.

As each man drinks, aside
The cup of my labour-pride
He flings—the cup, I've made,
On a'sherd-heap in the glade!
And I must fashion, still,
To the shape of God's changing Will.

And, when I am called away,
I will kneel at the Throne, and pray,
(While another life's cups must make),
That dear God for His use will take
The last of the cups, I made,
That no man used in the glade.

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